



Gobble, gobble, gobble, I rise to say a word. And hope to speak in accents that plainly may be heard. Though many a place I've been called upon to fill, Gobble, gobble, gobble, too long I have been still.

Gobble, gobble, gobble, then listen to my lay. They say that every creature must some time have its day— This rule of day-succession has passed far down the line. Gobble, gobble, gobble, and now the turn is mine.

Gobble, gobble, gobble, this country needs a sign. A figure emblematic—its station to define; And looking o'er the beings that proudly wear the wing. Gobble, gobble, gobble, I feel that I am king.

THE COLONISTS GAVE THANKS.



ROBERT MAKEPEACE, Bradford, a colonist, said that his mother, "let that gun alone."

My father looked up from his writing and gazed steadily at my mother without speaking.

"Robert is so small and the gun is so large and I am fearful lest our only boy harm himself," said my mother, answering my father's look.

"Father," said I quickly, "do tell mother that you said yesterday, after you had put me through my gun exercise in the woods, that I can now be trusted with a gun."

"Father," said my father, very gently, "you were brave enough to leave your comfortable home in England and cross the ocean with me to this new land in America and risk all the hardships of a colonist's wife, so have courage for your son who must learn to defend himself and you against the Indians who growl around our settlements."

"Is there a fresh expedition on foot?" inquired my mother, anxiously.

"We have counseled together, and some of us will go out hunting, leaving a small number to guard the settlement, and Robert must count one in handling a gun."

My mother turned white.

"Father, Robert," said my father, "you know we are all out of provisions; the ship bringing stores from England may not come this week, and the best hunters are going out until we can shoot some wild animals."

"Wait one day," pleaded my mother. "Let us have a meeting once more. We women have learned from the Indian squaws how to cook the pumpkin, and we will prepare enough for a meal while the strong men meet for warship."

"Yes," said my father, "I will talk to the others. We came to this new country for the right to worship God in our own way, and that surely we may do to begin our hunt for food, for starvation taros us in the face."

"Take Robert with you," said my mother. "If he is to carry a gun, let him carry it to worship the first time; perhaps that will make him careful."

"Then spoke my brave wife," said my father, smiling. "Take heart, Esther, you know, so far, no baby has cried out, when in these Colonial times, mothers have hidden with their babes from the murderous Indians."

And thus it happened that I, Robert Makepeace Bradford, barely fifteen, walked by my father's side carrying a gun like a grown man. No colonist in those days stirred outside his home without weapons of defense from the Indians.

I could not remember the sermon, I was so busy looking at the solemn faces of the congregation. When the preacher prayed for the quick coming of the ships from England, I could hear



"EVERY MAN RESTED HIS GUN AND BOWED HIS HEAD."

Each man breathe harder, and some of the women sobbed outright. I shall never forget it, no, never, not if I live to be a hundred. I felt that the strong men who were not afraid of the Indians were afraid of starvation.

They said very little; one by one, so that each man stepped into the foot-prints in the snow of the man ahead of him, we came back from the meeting-house. I could not do this: I had to make little tracks of my own by my father's side.

"Divine Providence," exclaimed the preacher, "Thou hast answered us! There is a fire of wild turkeys in sight."

"Let us all fire at once," said the best marksman of the Colony.

"Robert, take aim carefully," said my father.

"Fire!" shouted the finest sharp-shooter.

All fired together; the turkeys dropped.

Gobble, gobble, gobble, this is no idle dream— I fear no eagle's talons, I do not heed his scream— Indeed, whenever you see one, he's nearly bald with age. Gobble, gobble, gobble, and shut up in a cage.

Gobble, gobble, gobble, but how is it with me? Through woods, o'er field and prairie, I wander ever free. The symbol of a people who feel no tyrant's power. Gobble, gobble, gobble, 'tis my triumphal hour.

Gobble, gobble, gobble, I do not need to tell How all the old and young have loved me long and well; To finish with a(d)dressing, I'll say a close word. Gobble, gobble, gobble, I am the nation's bird.

"Don't wait to pick them up—fire again," ordered the best shot. Again the turkeys dropped, one for each shot. To my great delight I, too, had shot one of these birds, big enough for a family dinner.

"Let us give thanks," shouted the preacher. Every man rested his gun and bowed his head while the preacher made a short thanksgiving for the birds that saved the colony from starvation.

Then the march home, each man with his turkey, was something very different and joyous.

"Every family will have a good dinner to-day," said the preacher, "and we will forever keep this day, every year as long as we live, with the best food we have and thanks. It shall be the Thanksgiving Day for those who have come across the ocean to this land of liberty."

"Amen," said every man, with one voice.

When we came home, behold, the pumpkin had been cooked just as the Indian squaws had taught my mother, but she had made a crust of corn meal



and laid the pumpkin on the crust and baked it in a pie on hot stones, after the manner of the Indians.

Serving the turkeys, also said they would let the pumpkin pie cool and wait till the birds could be cooked for dinner.

And it was the turkey I shot that was cooked for our dinner, which was ready in the middle of the afternoon.

"We shall hold this day as a holiday," quoth the preacher.

"To-morrow we start on the hunting expedition," said the best shot.

"Let us counsel all together in the morning," said my mother. "Let us hope for the ship till then."

And when the morning came, those of the colony who were far-sighted saw a ship. Shouts of joy and thanksgiving filled the air until all could see the long-looked-for ship.

And that ship brought beads to trade with the Indians, and raisins and currants. Mother told me how in England at their home they always had a currant loaf every Sunday. But we did not wait long after the raisins were unpacked, but every family had a few raisins for dessert.

And this shall be the Thanksgiving dinner in the new world," said my mother. "Turkey and pumpkin pie and raisins, so that our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren may know how the colony was saved from starvation."

While most of the Colony were rushing to the shore, my father said: "Robert, can you act like a man and go with some of the best fighters to the edge of the settlement and watch with your gun for the Indians?"

I was delighted that I was chosen.

"We need some strong men to help unload the ship," said some of the men.

"I will keep your boy Robert near me," said the best shot, to my father. "Stay you near the shore and plan the unloading of the ship. The ammunition it brings is more precious than gold."

"Fortunately the Indians did not know how little we had," said the hero of a hundred Indian fights to me, as we walked along. "Now, boy, you may know there is only one round of ammunition left."

"Yes," said another man. "And we are all out of beads; I have traded all my red flannel shirts to those Indians who can be treated as friendly."

"Nothing could be worse than our situation yesterday morning," said a third man. "No shots for our foes, no beads for our friends among the Indians."

"I have cut the buttons off all my clothes except the suit I have on, in order to exchange them for corn with the Indians," said one of the quickest of the Colonists.

"Does not corn grow in England?" I asked.

"No; I never saw corn till I came here," said the best shot. "Another year we raise it ourselves; this season we did not know how."

"It was a horrible situation; we needed the Indians' corn and we were

out of beads to pay for it. What a god-end this ship coming is!" exclaimed a man who had kept still.

"My father never told me what danger we were in," I exclaimed.

"No, boy," said the best shot, "a brave man does not keep his courage up by putting other heads in danger."

"Only brave men should be emigrants," said another good hunter. I began to understand why my mother was so anxious yesterday.

"How do you know what is in the ship?" I asked.

"Because we know what to send for to be the most use in our dealings with the Indians. Money, such as was in use in England, is of no use here. The Indians want something to make a show, and beads are better than golden guineas here. There are seeds for the spring, and warm clothes for the winter, and food and farming tools in the ship, and gunpowder and balls and guns," said the best shot. "In truth, this ship brings us the means of living till we can raise next summer's crop. The preacher was right there could not be greater cause for thanksgiving."

The Indians had come near by this time. They are uncommonly far-sighted, and the ship was a great curiosity to them.

The best shot understood their language, and as the Indians wanted very much to go on board the wonderful ship they were only too glad to talk on a friendly footing. Some were taken down to the shore by a few of our colony, but it was thought wiser for us to stay guarding the back of the settlement, for the treachery of the Indians was very well known. I began to grow very sleepy before the relief guard came. At last we went home. Everybody was excited; every one was reading letters from England or unpacking to see sent by relatives and friends. The Indians men, women, and children, watched with intense interest and quiet demeanor.

When my mother opened the case of blankets which was marked "Mrs. Bradford," she picked out a red blanket and gave it to the Indian squaw who had taught her to cook the pumpkin.

The Indians were much pleased with the sight of the blanket which the squaw immediately put around her like a cloak.

Night came and stopped the unloading, but not the necessity of guarding all the possessions from the Indians. Some new guns struck the Red Men with awe at the Palefaces' power, and they never knew how destitute the colonists were the day before Thanksgiving—Alice Bradford, in Ladies' World.

Thanksgiving. "Tanks, awfy."—Buffalo Express.

BETWEEN the churches and the football teams the observance of Thanksgiving Day bids fair to be full of rush and vigor.—Philadelphia Record.

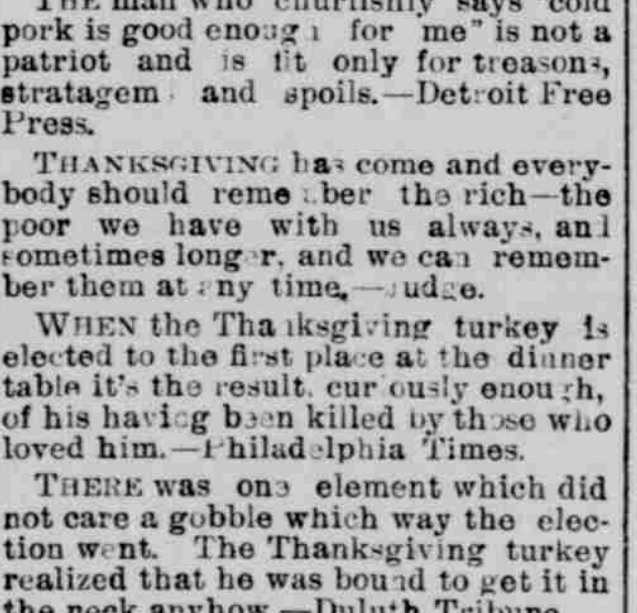
THE man who churlishly says "cold pork is good enough for me" is not a patriot and is fit only for treason, stratagem and spoils.—Detroit Free Press.

THANKSGIVING has come and everybody should remember the rich the poor we have with us always, and sometimes longer, and we can remember them at any time.—Judge.

WHEN the Thanksgiving turkey is elected to the first place at the dinner table it's the result, curiously enough, of his having been killed by those who loved him.—Philadelphia Times.

THERE was one element which did not care a gobble which way the election went. The Thanksgiving turkey realized that he was bound to get it in the neck anyhow.—Duluth Tribune.

THANKSGIVING is the people's day, the day which stands for home and happiness, for gratitude and benevolence, for plenty and peace. The old Puritans builded better than they knew. Their grim and a lemn ceremonial has become a feast and festival of gladness.—New York World.



Dr. Turkey Cook.

The sleekest, fattest turkey strutted in and out among His fellows of the barnyard as he spoke with scornful tongue:

"Am I not the farmer's favorite, the one he feeds the best?"

And this air betrayed the proud contempt he felt for all the rest.

Said the ancient lean and hungry-looking Dr. Turkey Cook:

The oracle, adviser and physician of the flock:

"Overeating isn't healthful; it affects a fellow's head."

But not a sick turkey caught the drift of what he said.

"I have often noticed this, my friends," he said with a knowing leer.

"That fasting is a profit at the present time of year."

For November is a month in which, if one is overfed, One may suffer from excitement till at last he'll lose his head."

Still the fat and haughty turkey strutted up and down the place, And the others thought the Doctor didn't understand the case. But they will see, before the sun has set upon Thanksgiving, That the Doctor knows a thing or to about the art of living.

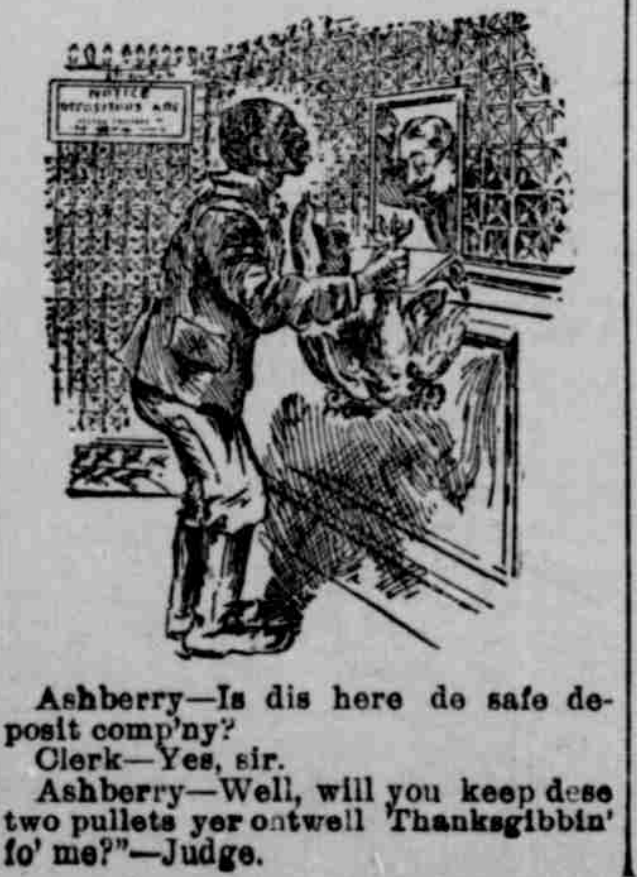
—Chicago News.

Frightful Reaction.

Customer (doing his Thanksgiving marketing)—"How do you sell your finest turkeys?"

Market Man—"Twenty cents a pound."

Customer (clutching the counter for support)—"Give me two pounds of hog's liver."



A NEW BALLAD OF THE SEASON.



THANKSGIVING! 'Tis Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! To church with all the town; Let each give thanks for blessings The year has showered down.

Forget the raves are saying, And soon shall swallow all— The thankful, the thankful, The mighty and the small.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! The joy that dwells within us, The exile of despair. Forget that graves are gaping, That darkness stands beside, To cover each man over, And will not be denied.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Let maid and matron sing! Let bass and tenor, chorister, Give thanks unto the King. Forget that graves are gaping, And endless silence soon Shall still both choir and organ And drown the joyful tune.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Back, care! But welcome, mirth! To-day to you is sacred, And all the men on earth. Forget that graves are gaping, That mirth with care shall be Together, undisturbed, Throughout eternity.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Give thanks, then, oh, give thanks! This life has many prizes And few of us draw blanks. Forget that graves are gaping, And that he who shall rest Beside the luckless lovers In one oblivion drest.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! I'll fill the flowing bowl! The past was good—he careless Of what may come, my soul. Forget that graves are gaping! "Dum vivimus, vivamus!" Come, friends, give thanks—and eat! —Barrett Eastman.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Showing the Adventures of a Citizen Who Had an Appetite for Dinner.



FOND OF FINE FUNERALS.

French People Make the Last Rites an Occasion for Great Display.

The love of the French for display in funeral ceremonies has been pointed out as characteristic of the nation. The people have a pathetic way of saying "although it costs much to live in Paris, it costs still more to die." This is, in a measure, true, and that it is so, says the Baltimore Sun, is due to the fact that the Government has a monopoly of the work of burying the dead, and has established a scale of prices by which the style of funeral is regulated, from that costing hundreds of dollars to the one which opens the fosse commune common grave. As a rule the French are fond of fine funerals. For state-men of the first rank the Government decrees a State funeral, which is an occasion of great display and frequently leads to political demonstration, but private funerals are also costly, and many a man who has lived with the utmost meanness all his life is laid to rest with princely pomp. The door of his residence is hung with black curtains, embroidered with silver; his monogram, in silver, is on the mourning coaches which follow the hearse; the drivers are dressed in black, with knee breeches, high boots, three cornered hats and long crepe streamers on their arms; the horses for the hearse are caparisoned with sweeping draperies of black and silver, and on the hearse itself are plumes and silver figures of angels and cherubs. Then, too, the custom of sending out notices of the death and invitations to the funeral is very common, and sometimes those notices are as elaborate and artistically engraved as the most expensive invitations to a ball.

In striking contrast with the decorous funerals of the rich are the scenes when the body of a very poor person is to be laid in the grave. The city is strict in regard to them. The body can only be kept twenty-four hours from the time of death, and it must be buried in a coffin made of thin deal boards, unpainted, unvarnished, and so slight that it is always wrapped up and fastened with ropes lest it should come to pieces. It is taken to the grave in a hearse which is hardly better than a dray. At the fosse commune the priest is allowed to include six funerals in one service. Fully to explain the necessity for the fosse commune, it is necessary to say a word about French graveyards. They are governed entirely different from ours, and their objects seem to be to add graves to the millions who are dead, without taking too much space from the millions who live. In certain parts of the cemetery graves may be bought outright, though at enormous prices, and remain forever in the possession of a family. In other sections the graves are bought singly for five years from the date of burial, and at the end of the specified time the bones are taken up and buried in the fosse commune. The fosse commune—the lowest grave of all—is a ditch twelve feet deep, twelve feet wide, and as the size of the graveyard permits. Here the bones are put side by side in two rows, the heads meeting in the center. When a certain number are in the ditch it is closed and on another layer of earth more coffins are afterward laid. When the ditch is filled to the surface another one alongside opened, and so until the available space is used up. Then the first ditch is reopened and fresh bones are put in place of the old ones, which have decayed.

Egyptian Geometry.

The Ahmes papyrus doubtless represents the most advanced attainments of the Egyptians in arithmetic and geometry. It is remarkable that they should have reached so great proficiency in mathematics at so remote a period of antiquity. But strange indeed, is the fact that, during the next 2,000 years they should have made no progress whatsoever in it.

All the knowledge of geometry which they possessed when Greek scholars visited them, six centuries B. C., was doubtless known to them 2,000 years earlier, when they built those stupendous and gigantic structures the pyramids. An explanation for this stagnation of learning has been sought in the fact that their early discoveries in mathematics and medicine had the misfortune of being entered upon their sacred books, and that, in after years, it was considered heretical to augment or modify anything therein. Thus the books themselves closed the gates to progress.—History of Mathematics—Cajori.

Beauty from a Paper Toy.

For the woman who wants to fill out the hollows of her face and neck and wants pink cheeks, a good idea is to buy some of those pretty paper fishes or odd-shaped little bags to be found in the Japanese shops. If a woman will spend five minutes a day putting stone of these she will find her face filling out, and the air which will be driven in and out of her lungs will increase the height of her chest and set the blood in circulation through the face, bringing a faint pinkish tinge to her cheeks. It will not be so pink as the kind that is bought in the drug-stores, but the woman will be surprised in six months at the change in her looks.

The Soldierly Way.

The lady was seeking to be disagreeable to the young army officer.

"I suppose," she remarked, with a faint sneer, "that sometime in your career you have beaten a retreat?"

"I have, madam," he admitted without a blush.

"Ah, indeed? Will you tell me how you did it?"

"Certainly, madam. I did it by making an advance. That beats a retreat all to pieces."

AROUND A BIG STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF INDIANA NEWS.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indianians.

Minor State Items.

WORK has been begun on Washington's new electric street railway system.

Mrs. W. S. SMITH, aged 72, one of Elkhart's oldest pioneers, was found dead in a chair. Heart disease.

THOMAS HOFFMAN, near Huntington, was fatally injured in a runaway accident. He is a wealthy farmer.

A HEAVY iron cross beam on a new bridge at Marion fell on Emanuel Duke, a workman, and crushed both legs.

CHARLES PACKWOOD, aged 25, was killed near Porden, by a Monon train. He was intoxicated and fell asleep on the track.

AN every wheel in the Ironlake steel works, Anderson broke. One of the pieces struck Ed Kline on the head inflicting fatal injuries.

THIEVES at Wakarusa stole two horses, a surrey and got away with over \$50 worth of clothing from the branch store of H. Dembuck & Co.

JACOB KLINGLER, a driver in the Briar Hill mine, Clay City, was caught between a bank car and a post and crushed to death. He was unmarried.

JOHN H. JENTS, a flour and feed merchant of Indianapolis, died of injuries received some months ago, when he was sandbagged and robbed by foot-pads.

LEWIS LORENZEN, who had a leg crushed while at work in the American tin plate factory, Elwood, has brought a \$10,000 damage suit against the company.

ROBERT VANICE, aged 18, while hunting near Darlington, fell down an embankment, causing his gun to be discharged. The load went through his right arm.

BILLIARD TABLES form most of the equipment of South Bend's fashionable homes, and the game is growing in popularity. There are several fine lady billiardists in that city.

A YOUNG man in the southern part of the State put a package of powder and some matches in his coat pocket and started on a hunting trip. The funeral was largely attended.

IN WICKED Fort Wayne, Miss Blanch Hart, after posing for several living pictures in the nude, has sworn out an affidavit against the photographer for displaying the picture in his gallery.

TERRIE HAUTE business men are unanimously in favor of adopting a new city charter. One of the strongest reasons urged for the change is the uprooting of the metropolitan police law.

WHILE Peter Somers, a brakeman on the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville Railroad, was coupling cars at Montpelier he was killed. His home was at Fort Wayne. He was married.

JOHN SAMMONS, a laborer, employed in the packing house at Hammond, has received notice that by the death of a relative in Australia he was one of four heirs to an estate valued at \$3,000,000.

GEORGE STULTZ, who killed Frank Bailey, a miner, at settlement in Vigo County the night before the election, has been acquitted on the ground that he did the shooting in self-defense.

CHICAGO and Greenwood capitalists are trying to secure the right of way in Johnson County to construct an electric railway from Franklin to Indianapolis, with an extension to Greenwood.

JAMES SMITH, aged 25, was instantly killed while hauling sawlogs, three miles northwest of Laporte. The log rolled from the wagon, striking him in the abdomen and completely crushing his body. He leaves a young wife and infant child.

JESSE, son of Steven Conn, residing north of Muncie, was killed in Grant County, near Marion, while loading a log on a wagon. It was being pulled on the wagon when it rolled back on the young man, killing him instantly. He was 20 years old, and had been married but a short time.

Mrs. THOMAS WILLIAMS, wife of a farmer living near Monroe City, was burned to death. Mr. Williams was at work in the field, and when he went home to dinner he found that his wife had prepared the noonday meal and had fallen into the fire and was burned to death. Her body was a crisp.

LIEUTENANT DEFEERS, of the Governor's staff, is preparing a report of the Indiana militia for the last year. The report is to be submitted to Adjutant-General Ruggles, of the United States Army, and will contain a complete history of the militia's summer campaign in Sullivan and Daviess Counties and at Hammond.

GOVERNOR MATTHEWS is giving much thought to the proposed outbreak of lawlessness at Elkhart. He said that he had again received a letter from one of its prominent members assuring him that the place would be run on an eminently respectable basis, and that the stock used in the races would be of sportsmanlike quality. The racing he was assured, would be fair and square. Governor Matthews replied in a scorching vein, rebuking the correspondent for presuming to try to make him believe such misrepresentation. He said that the racing would be a cruel and brutal on the horses, and would be nothing more than an attraction during the winter of the gamblers, thieves, thugs, and prostitutes of Chicago, disgracing the locality as well as all concerned in it. He plainly told the Roby backer that he would suppress the place if possible to do so within the law, and he thought it was possible.

WHILE three men were working in a deep ditch on a farm near Lebanon, the sides caved in. Jesse Conn, the contractor, was killed, and Louis Porter, an employee, was perhaps fatally injured.

RICHARD WHEELER, a prominent farmer, shot and instantly killed Ambrose Wilcox, a large land owner residing near Mt. Carmel. Wheeler had put up Wilcox's stock and Wilcox came to Wheeler's house after the stock, when hot words ensued, resulting as above. Wheeler claims that he acted in self-defense and has surrendered to the Sheriff.